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CEYRON

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SAIGON

Should Diem Stay?

Careful readers of the published sections of the McNamara-Taylor report to President Kennedy were puzzled by an apparent contradiction between the optimistic prediction that the war against the Viet Cong will be won by the end of 1965 and the pessimistic statement that the defects of the Diem government may lead to harmful consequences. The contradiction is ironed out by the secret sections of the report, taken in conjunction with the recall

Abroad

of the local CIA chief John Richardson—the thoroughly experienced and able operative who has been working with Diem's brother, Ngo Dinh Nhu, under a policy directive for firm support of the Diem regime—and the official ignoring of Madame Nhu on her visit to the United States. Insiders here are well aware of the meaning of the Kennedy team's policy shift: Washington is communicating that it cannot itself take overt measures to overthrow the Diem regime, but believes it ought to be overthrown and will welcome an attempt to do so.

SALISBURY, SOUTHERN RHODESIA

from South

With the breakup of the Central African Federation in December, free trade between Southern and Northern Rhodesia (Zambia soon to be), upon which Southern Rhodesia's relative prosperity has been based, will end. Zambia will keep its great copper mines, but Southern Rhodesia will no longer have the easy, open market for its manufactured consumer goods. South Africa could absorb many of these, and South Africa also, with bulging financial reserves, seems the only place from which new investment capital could come. Quite apart from political and strategic considerations, which tend in the same direction, the economic pull will be inevitably toward the south, an outcome that is by no means pleasing to many of the English-oriented Southern Rhodesians, who have no wish to tie their fate to the global parish; but no one can see any other solution.

LONDON

Labor's Foreign Minister?

Patrick Gordon Walker, almost certain to be Foreign Minister in next year's probably forthcoming Labor government, is little known in his own country and virtually unknown abroad. He taught history at Oxford in the 1930s and during the war ran a special BBC service directed to German workers. He entered Parliament in 1945, moved up quickly in the Labor Party apparatus and was appointed Commonwealth Relations Secretary by Clement Attlee. On the whole he has been associated with his party's right wing: while in the Cabinet he sponsored the Central African Federation; he strongly supported Hugh Gaitskell against the unilateral disarmers (attacking his present boss, Harold Wilson, as a unilateralist

prisoner); he has opposed Britain's Common Market entry and the multilateral (mixed-manned) nuclear force from a point of view wherein old-fashioned patriotism seems to play some part. He knows both French and German well. The combination of his technical abilities, his pipe-smoking respectability and his unflashy political style has suggested to some an English Dean Rusk.

LAGOS

The Uses of Literacy

In keeping with the Liberal dogma of immediate universal education, Nigeria, like many another of the new nations, is turning out literates at a tremendous rate: more than a quarter of a million per year are now graduating from primary schools. A few thoughtful citizens have suddenly realized that they had failed to ask a preliminary question: What is to be done with all these readers and writers once they are graduated? As things stand, 10% go on to high school or technical training schools. The rest refuse to go back to the villages and farms, and flock into the cities, where nearly a million of them, still unemployed, are now living in resentful and explosive squalor.

ROME

What Happens to Wishes?

To guarantee their return to the Eternal City, millions of travelers have tossed coins of all nations into the splendid Fontana di Trevi, where crystal waters cascade like mountain streams around Neptune and his winged Tritons. How many have wondered what happens to all



those coins? No one seems to answer with assurance. Some early risers—or late celebrants—have watched on a Tuesday morning as the waters stop and several oilskinned figures, armed with brooms, rise from a hidden gate. When they have swept the thousands of coins of all sizes, kinds and metals into a great pile, another, official-looking figure emerges from a statue, carrying a bucket which he fills a dozen times or more and empties down a hidden chute. And then? No one can say, but one expert on matters fiscal grew pale as he tried to estimate the man-hours it must take to calculate the myriad exchange rates and transfer those coins into a usable balance for Neptune's heir.